

Bickley (G. W. L.)

28126

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

Delivered in Greenwood Hall, before the Class of the Eclectic Medical Institute, November 10th, 1853.

BY PROF. G. W. L. BICKLEY.

GENTLEMEN:—

Far more has been said of political changes and physical exertions than of the revolution of the human mind, which, though gradual and bloodless, has achieved for this age and people, a freedom not dreamed of by the wisest seers of the past.

Political revolutions have not, in every instance, been productive of beneficial results to the race; but mental revolutions, if there have been more than one, have, in a great measure, bestowed their benefits on every nation, and entailed them upon all generations which are to come after us.

It will be well, then, for us to call to mind and examine the character of the changes which have been effected by the astonishing achievements of this mentality—by the peculiarities of which I am enabled to communicate with you.

In order to perceive more clearly the nature of these achievements, and the influence they have upon us as a people, and above all, that we may duly appreciate the advantages which surround us, let me examine an ignorant mind so as to present in bold relief, the majesty and unspeakable beauties that crowd themselves into an educated mind.

I know of no better definition or description of an uneducated mind, than that given by Mr. Comb, in a communication to the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, and afterwards published in its Philosophical Transaction, viz:

“An ignorant mind is one in which animal impulses run riot, strong, vivacious and undirected, in which moral sentiments sometimes shed the benign influence of their proper nature; but oftener suggest wild wanderings, by their misdirected energy, and in which the intellectual powers are obtuse through want of exercise, and inefficient in consequence of the absence of knowledge.”

All nature, as it were, is to such a mind, a whitened canvass not yet touched by the painter. Or if he, who possesses such a mind, observes the drawings, the figures of the artist, he sees not the delicate tintings and life-giving touches of the pencil and brush. He

looks abroad, and while he sees external forms and recognizes their locomotion, he fails to observe the internal living principle which animates them, and forms the connecting link between himself and his God. He requires revelation to conceive the existence of a mighty creating cause, and that cause is indelibly impressed upon the tablets of his perception as an aged being in human form, who governs the world by arbitrary laws, founded on brute force. Every peal of thunder, and every flash of lightning is to him the voice of an enraged God.

See that bright comet stretched far among the stars—watch the pale face of the ignorant man, who regards it as an omen of war. Or, if you please, watch his shrinking form and troubled features, as he springs awe-stricken from under the glaring meteor, as it bounds through the starlit sky above him. Walk out with such a man on a calm fall evening, and point to the beautiful *Aurora Borealis*—the gas-lights of the frozen regions—and then listen how his heart throbs from fear, and he grows pale, and sighs, and looks to the east for the much dreaded apocalyptic cloud, and the Judge in his chariot of fire.

See yon dark and gloomy eclipse, and prepare your ears for the sound of the death-wail which involuntarily bursts from his lips.

The ignorant or uneducated mind sees nought but terrible figures, and awful spectres in gazing upon the grandest and most sublime objects which nature has erected for our admiration. He hears no music in the roaring winds as they keep their vigils upon the mountain tops, nor in the gentler breathing among the tree tops around him. In the rainbow which studs the heavens after mother earth has taken her pearly draught, the uneducated man sees no brilliancy—no pledge of rain, seed-time, and harvest. The mountain torrent as it rushes down its rocky bed, and leaps into the valley full of health-giving vigor, has no sweets for him. The swelling sea, as it rises with out-stretched arms to embrace its sister element, contains no lesson for him. The gentle dove, as it coos in plaintive notes, on a spring morning at the absence of its partner, awakens no emotions of sympathy in him.

The human mind, so fruitful, so beautiful and powerful, has, to him, no evidences of an immortality as durable as the life of an angel. But let me not hold out this undesirable portrait longer, I would fain dwell on its opposite.

How beautifully different is the revolutionized—the educated mind. How deep the chagrin and pity felt for a mind not revolutionized—not educated. How proud of its own bettered condition. We have already seen, in imagination, an uneducated mind—many of us can bear witness that the picture was not overdrawn, nay, not half painted. But let us examine the revolutionized mind in regard to its powers, its achievements, its nature and its destiny.

Man—revolutionized—mental man—finds himself upon a vast mass of matter, and his intellectual powers enable him to determine

its globular form—a conclusion arrived at by various processes, but especially does the law of universal equilibrium point out this fact. By investigating this law, which has been detected by his keen perceptive, he learns why the gentle zephyrs come to him at one time laden with the odors of every zone, and so mild and graceful in their movements as only to sport with his locks, or touch his fevered brow with the breath of delight, and why these same gentle breathings of the flower-king again come to him, arming the fierce tornado with power and vengeance.

By the laws of force and gravitation he comprehends why the earth has a motion on its axis, why the sun and moon, and thousands of revolving systems *seem* to perform revolutions around the earth. By the creations of his own mind—his own revolutionized mind—which has invented the Telescope and created the rules of Mathematics, new worlds and systems of worlds bursts upon his astonished vision. The Being we call God assumes at once a new character, and the beholder cries out in the exuberance of his admiration—"how wonderful is God!" By his Mathematical rules, the educated—mental man—is enabled to determine the exact velocity of the various bodies presented to him by his Telescopic eye. He rises from the study of his rules, and in bewildered amazement, proclaims that every year of our lives we pass through 578,960,000 miles of space, or in one short life of thirty years we pass over 17,378,800,000, or 1200 miles, in every minute of time, or still more definitely, 20 miles in each second. What must be the feeling which accompany these startling revelations?—revelations which appear to him by the divine powers of his own revolutionized mind. How his ideas loom up and swell out in all directions—how his heart yearns to enter in communication with him who directs these mighty systems in their accustomed courses, with such amazing velocity, without jarring or discord, but ever in perfect harmony.

He studies and investigates the laws of Electricity, and now, in his revolutionized state, in place of shrinking from the concussion of air in different states, and slandering God by calling it an expression of anger, he calmly watches the result, seizes upon the subtle fluid, educates it, and bends it to the purposes of his will. He seizes the fires of heaven and writes his name upon the scroll of immortality.

He walks out in the cool, calm evening, and with his instruments and rules, measures the tail of the omenous comet. He traces it on its eccentric path—calculates its heat, its distance, its solidity, but now sees in it no token of famine, war, or pestilence. He looks on the flashing meteor as it dashes across the heavens, and fears it not, for now he understands its harmless character, and the laws of its production. He views the Aurora Borealis and listens to its indescribable hissing noises unmoved. He now predicts and watches the eclipse, and the perfect accuracy of his calculations fill him with delight, and in the wildness of his joy, he walks in the

milky way, reveling in his imagination among the beauties of the nebulous clusters of untold worlds, which float in every direction around him. He mounts still higher—stepping upon what seems to us the confines of space,—with his mental telescope he descries new worlds and systems, as grand and gorgeous as those he had left behind. Truly here is a feast of the vision! But the home of that mighty mind is in a human brain, and it must wing its way back to earth. Here it enjoys the grandeur of the passing tornado, gazes with feelings of admiration upon the dark columns of cloud in the west, crimsoned with the setting sun, and rendered translucent by the forked lightnings which are dashing through them like the divided tongues of so many fiery serpents.

The bending bough, the quivering leaf, the blushing rose, the pebbly brook, the shaded grove, are objects of admiration to him. To him—the revolutionized, mental man—the lion's roar, the bursting wave, the cragged beach, the snow-capped mountain, the green-clothed earth, the effulgent sun, the silvery moon, the cataract's roar, the stockdove's song, are all full of poetry.

All substances, and qualities and conditions surrounding man, become to him the alphabet of knowledge. Every thing comes freighted with intelligence to his intellectual operations and to constitute a part of his own mind. He throws out his thoughts over all things, and associates and sympathises with them, until, in the language of a modern philosopher, he becomes, as it were, a part of them, and they of him. By this contemplation and association with external things, he learns to arrange their various elements into systems, and elaborate from them the sublime truths of science. The grand, beautiful, harmonious and sublime, are but representatives of the inward sentiments and beauties of his own revolutionized mind. He breathes out upon these grand, beautiful, harmonious and sublime objects, his own burning thoughts, until they become to his imagination invested with an intelligent spirit, that responds to his every creation of thought, or feeling, or reason—that may arise in his musings of mirth or melancholy, and seem to participate in his joys and sorrows, until he forgets they are inanimate objects, receiving from his own mind only their peculiar interest. It is plain, therefore, that whatever of interest may cluster around external things, man is the center of that interest, and man the instrument of mind, in his relations, capabilities, achievements and powers, *is the soul of the world*. I cannot express more of man's doings in a few words than by citing these lines :—

“ In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky ;
He reads the stars and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace,
His power subduing space and time,
Liuks realm to realm and race to race:”

Such are some of the achievements of this revolutionized mind—a mind that has filled every river, lake, sea, ocean, with its artistic creations. That has descended into the great fire-crypts of the world, the home of the earthquake—stood upon the brink of the volcanic cone, ascended the summits of the glacial mountains, laid its hand upon the very heart of nature and counted its throbs. But can we understand—comprehend the nature and destiny of this revolutionized mind? I believe we can, for whatever is governed by clear and unchanging law is subject to the interior intelligence of the mind. The mind has its laws and can be comprehended as well as anything else subject to the influence of law.

No one will for a moment deny that God created the planetary system, and instituted over that system certain precise provisions so as to secure, forever, perfect harmony in their several movements,—the relative weight, size, velocity and distance, has been determined by precise rules. So, if we speak of the science of chemistry, and affirm that all the molecular combinations and arrangements of matter are according to unchangeable laws, and that every chemical action and result are in obedience to these, no one will dispute the affirmation. So, if we declare the formation of every crystal to be in obedience to certain unvarying laws, here, too, our declaration will be admitted. So, if we declare that every vegetable and every animal, grows and has its being and peculiarities according to fixed laws, no one but an atheist could entertain a denial, and even he would be willing to admit the laws by which these several departments are governed, if he did not admit by whom those laws were established.

Yet strange to say, after all these acknowledgments have been made, after law and order have been acknowledged in almost everything, if we turn to the higher order of God's works, in which he has associated organized matter with organic vitality and intelligence of a superior order, and affirm that life, health, thought and feeling, are governed by laws as clear and fixed as those which relate to inorganic and vegetable matter, a majority of mankind will unhesitatingly dispute the assertion, and contend that life, health, thought, feeling—the mentality—is governed by "the arbitrary control of God, or the blind necessity of fate."

I have said *man was the soul of the world*—I now assert that *mind is the soul of man*.

Here I must quit the beaten track of organic investigation, and boldly launch out into the fields of theoretical speculations, offering to your reason such evidences of my positions as may rise before me. It is here that the subject assumes its more important phase, as well as being new.

It is my purpose to inquire into the nature of mind and see if, after all the speculations which metaphysicians have put forth, there is not some relation between this motive power of the mind, this particular force—and the long talked of *vis vitæ*. I beg you to

bear in mind that no philosophical investigation can be instituted respecting organic functions, that totally disregards the *vis vitea*, and if I can show that it and the mind are in any way connected, I presume no medical man will dispute its paramount importance. The medical man is expected to understand the philosophy of all laws to which the human system—organic or mental—is subject, and it is in consideration of this fact that I have deemed it proper to speak of this branch of a medical education at this particular time. The liberalism pervading our school of medicine affords a guarantee to the public that no harm can result from the investigation of this or any other subject to which attention may be called. And this becomes the more apparent when it is known that the advocates and members of the Eclectic medical profession in America, do not demand, as do some of the old or allopathic schools, of their students, a blind adherence to the dogmas taught by us. We claim the privilege of honestly expressing our own opinions, and we ask that they be duly weighed before adoption by any one. It has been contended by our anti-Eclectic friends, that we had no principles of a Medical Philosophy. If we have not, in the name of common sense who has? Not a truth or great principle in old medicine, but originated in Empiricism—that is without the pale of acknowledged authority, and the struggles of Harvey and Jenner abundantly prove the determined opposition with which those truths met, before allowed a place in their philosophy. We are not cramped in our investigations by a rigid adherence to authority, but giving free scope to this revolutionized mind, we boldly strike out into the unexplored fields of science, and gather gems for decorating the crown of Hygea. The harvest thus far has been rich,—a new system of philosophy has been the result of our numerous discoveries—the public health has been insured against the life-destroying practice of *old physic*, and this class shows that the seeds which have been sown have not fallen on barren soil. The nation has here sent in its representatives, and the congress of queen health is about to be convened to consider what more can be done to protect the lives of her subjects, A sanative and rational Eclecticism is demanded by the people, and a few more such classes as this will be sufficient to demolish hunkerism and drive it into the shades of night, and the secret places where Young America has not yet built a log cabin—the home of bears and wolves, whose constitutions alone can bear mecurializing and bleeding. And what has effected this change but revolutionized mind? the nature of which is yet before us for elucidation.

There is a mental element which moves the mind—which constitutes the motive power of thought, that pervades all things and invests them with its influence, or in the language of the poet:—

“It warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze;
Glowes in the stars, blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all time, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”

It speaks to the soul—the mind—in a language intelligible only to itself. It refines thought, directs the imagination, elevates the desires, dignifies the reason, and abides in the will.

It is everywhere—in everything, putting in motion the volcanic forces which consume the vitals of the earth. It is the agent which fans the gentle breath of the morning hour into the furious gale of the stormy night. The agent that paints the ruby tints upon the rose-bud and suffuses the full-blown flower with crimson blushes. It is the unseen voice that speaks to your soul from the beauties of the petaled flower or the transparent splendors of the dew-drop. It is the energy that enters the embryo plant—infuses life into it, directs all its movements and stamps upon it the seal of the creator. It is the source and principle of animal life—that propels the crimson torrents along their tortuous ducts. It rears mountains, builds continents, peoples worlds, and slumbered in the deep bosom of chaos, before God said “let there be light,” and it produced the light.

It is present in the dark cloud and breathes out the terrific thunders; it lives in the sunbeam and measures to us the light and heat: it seizes the waters of the ocean and conducts them to airy regions and again gives the briny fluid back charged with health and life, to water and nourish the arid plains on which we live, in the form of dew, frost, rain, snow or hail. It seizes the trembling needle in the moment of uncertainty, and points it with unerring accuracy to the poles. At its bidding the earthquake awakes from its molten home, convulses the earth and marks out its path of ruin. What shall we call it? what name shall be applied to this unseen but ever busy agent? Shall we call it as Spinoza did his universal God—*Panthea*? No; for it is not, properly speaking God; but it is connected with him, and hence I shall call it *Vitheos*, or God in nature.

It is the active elements of electricity. The remaining elements of electricity, are but the conductors by which this subtle fluid is brought in contact with a delicate apparatus found in organized bodies, capable of receiving its impressions. Deprive electricity of this principle and at once it will become inert matter. The achievements of the science of chemistry must yet accomplish this feat. Place a human body in a position where it can only receive the oxygen and nitrogen of electricity and it will immediately perish. As subtle as common electricity is, in its combined state, *Vitheos*, its motive power, is inconceivably more so. Can I demonstrate this? I think so. There is, for example, in the human brain two sets of apparatus, which to render myself clear I may term *positive* and *negative*. When both apparatus are equally charged with the subtle *Vitheos*, the result is sleep. But when unequally charged, a vibration results and motion of the atomic elements is observed, the result of which is the production of thought. And it is no more in the power of man, by any volition of his mind to stop thought, unless these apparatus be corroded

by poisons, than it is in his power to arrest the flight of the comet in its eccentric course.

Then, I say, if these apparatus be unequally charged, *Vitheos* vibrates the nerves of sensation—the imagination, which is thought, is immediately made active ; and as long as this subtle agent is unequally distributed, just so long will the imagination wing its way to earth's remotest bounds, where, in the language of Eliza Cook, slightly altered :

It flashes vivid through the soul,
Warm as the spark Prometheus stole :—
It hies to crystal caves,
Glassy chambers of the waves
Where the dolphin's golden back
Splashes gems around its track,
Cleaving through the rocky cells
Green with weeds, rich with shells,
Where the Nereids keep their court,
Where the mermaid's hold their sport,
Where the syren sings to sleep
All the inmates of the deep.

It wings its way to some Juan Fernandez and suffers all the privations of a Selkirk ; or it scales the mountains in search of the singing tree, or yellow rose or talking bird. Or Revels in the mysteries of Alladin's lamp—or be a Synbad, or a Gulliver among the Lilliputians—or a Rassaleas in search of pleasure, or be a Gill Blas or Don Quixote ; or a Bacon fathoming the depths of induction—or a Newton or Herschel or Dick tracing the planets in their eternal rounds—or a Clay or Webster genializing the world with eloquence ; or a Howard or Dix carrying consolation to the heart rent and bleeding with care, trouble and wo.

You have only to put *Vitheos* in motion, and imagination, as quick as Panthea itself, is sporting among the diamond worlds that ever glitter in the cerulean arch above. Here a new creation, as it were, of fresh and unexplored fields open upon us teeming with grandeur, and silent beauty—corresponding with these new and beautiful objects, a group of new faculties seem to be awakened in us,—enabling us to explore and enjoy them. The material eye sees only the outside of things—but the spiritual, interior eye of the soul beholds the inside, the interior of them and recognizes the interior laws that preside over them.

The earth, with its valleys and hills,—its mountains and glens,—its oceans and seas,—its lakes and cataracts,—its rivers and cascades,—its prairies and forests,—its animals and vegetables is truly grand and wonderful to contemplate. But you see only the outside—these beauties are external, arise from opaque objects. The subtle *Vitheos*, however, pervades this solid frame-work—renders it transparent—revealing all its hidden treasures. All matter is to it but an empty void, through which it runs, as electricity runs through iron. By it we are enabled to enjoy the poly-colored flowers of the field and many colored stars of the cerulean sky ; the

brilliant beams of the rising sun, and the gorgeous effulgence of his setting hour ; the many colored rainbow and the evanescent aurora borealis.

It enables us to comprehend the multiplied forms, exact proportions, and perfect symmetry of every thing in nature from the smallest insect to the most gigantic shaft that shoots up in the forest. It is the messenger from Deity to our percepts.

The filaments of this nervous apparatus which serve as conductors of this subtle agent are infinitely finer than a gossamer thread, yet see how important they are. They spread themselves over a little spot at the root of the tongue, and all the savors of nature immediately contribute to fill up the measure of our happiness. They unfold themselves over a little space in the olfactory organs and we recognize the sweets of every zone. They ramify over a small part of the hollow of the ear and the voices of nature, from the smallest insect to the hoarsest tones of the thunder and the cataract—Heaven's Choirists, become our orchestra. They line a little spot on the interior of the eye, so small that the tip of the finger may cover it, when behold ! the earth and the heavens to the remotest constellation that seems to glitter on the confines of space is painted quick as thought in the chambers of the brain.

By this apparatus, then, we hold a communication with all external things, as though millions of Telegraphic wires came in converging lines to find a battery in our brains. It is so, except we are unencumbered with the wires.

A higher and holier world than that of ideas or beauty, lies around us, and through the medium of *Vitheos* we find ourselves affiliated to its purity and perfection. The laws of nature as observant to the senses are truly sublime, but the constituent principle of these laws, *Vitheos*, has a sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure with nimitable exactness the ever-flowing current of time ; the laws by which the planets roll and sun vivifies—the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry and the amazing velocity of electricity—the laws of germination and reproduction in the vegetable and animal worlds, all these, radiant and teeming full of beauty, still sink into comparative insignificance before the brighter glory of mysterious *Vitheos*.

Then Vitheos is the soul of the mind. There is yet another principle which may be termed *Phytheos* ; I refer to the media upon which the divine will first and ever acts, and this is the soul or essence of *Vitheos*. Deity—the source of intelligence from whence all these less subtle principles emanate is the soul or essence of *Phytheos*—or the media of the divine will.

Thus we have arranged in the order of excellence and glory, *Deity, Phytheos, Vitheos, mind, man, external nature*—a grand union of inseparable links in the chain of creation, by which God is con-

nected with, and is a part of all his creatures. Thus I think the nature of man's mentality becomes apparent.

You will observe that Vitheos—or the life principle or vital force is what we might describe the *vis vitæ* to be, and is removed but one degree from Deity itself. There is, there must be a connecting media between God and man, and between man and vegetable organization, and to some extent, between this and unorganized substances. That connecting medium is the subtle principle Vitheos. This vital agent must exist, because man, animals and vegetables are vitalized. The exact manner in which it is brought in contact with mind can never be fully understood, for this reason: the mind itself is obedient to, and is actuated by it, and as it is less subtle than the agent Vitheos, it can never identify it in any form tangible for demonstration. We may cut off its connection by destroying the nervous channel, through which it is thought to act; that is, this can be done to a great extent. For even after death has done its work, it seems still to speak to our sympathies when we look on our dead parent, companion or friend. Its complications in vegetable life may lead to its identification, but even here the chances are few.

The human mind must progress, and in view of this fact, we may infer that, as it shakes off its coarser elements, or grows more refined, just in that proportion will it be able to comprehend the nature of the *vis vitæ*, or vitheos.

Though a thousand theories may be invented to explain the vital principle, unless they take into consideration the various fundamental points just shown, they must necessarily fall short of accomplishing the end which they should attain. They must be founded upon a few known facts, which, by due comparison, will enable us, in conformity to the common laws of analogy, to eventually start right.

This proper start consists in knowing the source from whence knowledge is derived—that the mind, as it becomes more refined, will throw out its sympathies over all things, and that in proportion to its refinement, will be the amount of knowledge which it can digest from the vast storehouse which nature has supplied. Hence, too, in view of former declarations, I may declare that the mind cannot understand the interior laws governing a more subtle agent than itself, but the mind may be highly refined, as many of you have seen in the phenomena of clairvoyance, in proportion to its refinement the mind is capable of recognizing the moving forces of itself; and as it understands more and more, just that much will it be enabled to fathom the mighty elements of thought—be able to comprehend what is meant by immortality. To discriminate between truth and error, and run through the whole circle of the sciences as thought now bursts its bounds, and in place of reveling over the worn pages of a book, it can almost instantly drop like a thunderbolt in the midst of Pagan Asia, where it runs through all the

interior arrangements of an empire, tracing man's rise, progress and destiny to a world beyond the world of ideas. Tutor the mind to think, and that mind will inquire into the process by which this thinking is done—will inquire what are the prime elements of thought.

A thousand years ago, the mind could not have wielded such a power as it now does; it could not have comprehended the laws governing itself; but now when knowledge is pouring in from a thousand sources, it can go even further and see the shadow of all elementary laws—in time we shall direct these elements of thought and life, with as much ease as we now play with the glittering fires of the storm-king—the lightnings.

But of the destiny of this magnificent revolutionized mind—what can I say—revelation promises an immortality of existence—happy or miserable. Science corroborates this view, declares, to a certainty, that as it emanates in its motive, interior essence from Deity, so it must return to Deity and live forever. I shall argue this question no further, because my own assertions and propositions lead me to this conclusion, and the language of inspiration points to the same result. I take it for granted that none but an atheist would raise a dissenting voice.

But can we expect that an ignorant, uneducated, unrevolutionized mind, will equal in glory one that is revolutionized; nay, I think not. It appears to me the intelligence—the *interior purity*—is alone immortal, and if so the degree of happiness, or the capability to enjoy the sweets of the celestial world must be in proportion to its acquired knowledge, or the abundant supply of Vitheos that has been deposited as a motive and intelligent power among the constituents of the soul.

This, however, takes me to the final destiny of the immortal soul—the revolutionized mind.

I have previously declared, and I hope established, the progressive character of the mind. Whatever is progressive must acquire new features and new powers. The mind particularly multiplies itself or its power of comprehending the grand interior laws of the universe, and of making new creations for itself. That which is now beautiful, will reveal new beauties to the revolutionized mind in its onward march to perfection.

I have said it emanates from God, was a part of his essence, and in its progressive strides, it must approach to the high source from whence it emanated. It must assimilate itself to purity, excellence and perfection, until its sensual and animal appetites become loathsome and disgusting to the finer constituent principles of the mind.

Heaven, the birth-place of purity and excellence, will loom up in unison with the desires and conceptions of the revolutionized mind, until it will mount up to the home of angels, where prejudice nor sin enter not. It will then sit at ease and count the throbbings of nature's heart as it pulsates under the pressure of the Divine Vitheos.

The nature of speculations of this kind is such as to turn the mind in upon itself, that it may contemplate the complications which have been woven into its being by the inscrutable hand of Deity—they fit and prepare the soul for the reception of truth—they tune the harp of the mind to harmonious concord with all the voices of nature—which have, for so many ages, whispered to the human race in notes angelic to the son of wisdom and philanthropy.

These voices—these angelic melodies have taught science and Christianity to lay down their respective prejudices, and in glorious unity shout, in thunder tones, **GOD IS GOD, AND WE ARE HIS POETS.**